

Good Morning

416

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch
With the co-operation of the Office of Admiral (Submarines)

Stage, Screen, Studio

By Dick Gordon

THE Soviet Union are putting out a number of films on field and general surgery. They are intended for the instruction of young surgeons in the treatment of wounds and injuries incurred in the war. This is one of the means by which Soviet medicine has been able to attain its high proportion of wounded men returned to the ranks.

Vladimir Karin, of the Moscow technical film studio, is engaged in making a film illustrating the treatment of wounded in the early stages of evacuation from the battle area.

Scores of films have been issued to instruct the public in air and chemical defence and in fire-fighting. Other films deal with health and sanitation in war-time. One is on the value of vitamins.

Academician Eugene Chudakov has edited a series of films on the handling of motor vehicles, designed to familiarise drivers with foreign makes of cars and vehicles captured from the Germans.



A WEEKLY film series, "Science and Technology," acquaints the public with the latest scientific innovations and improvements in industry and agriculture.

The cinema is pressed into service to expedite the reconstruction of the areas destroyed during the German occupation. The "Restoration of Buildings" is designed for that.

"Science in the Service of the Country" deals with the contributions Soviet science has made to the manufacture of aircraft, tanks and guns.

Alexander Zguridi, well known to the Soviet public for his films, "In the Depths of the Sea," "The Strength of Life," and "In the Sands of Central Asia," is about to make a film of Jack London's "White Fang," designed as a popular film for juveniles.

Technical films in the Soviet Union are produced by three studios in Moscow, Novosibirsk and Kiev. The last-named had temporarily to evacuate to Central Asia. They employ about thirty directors and have an annual aggregate output of over 200 films.

Your letters are welcome! Write to "Good Morning" c/o Press Division, Admiralty, London, S.W.1



NEW faces—judging by the Scott, Warner Anderson and Robert Shayne.

Even at the best of times Hollywood hadn't nearly enough stars, and producers have wisely gambled at a time when box-office conditions have never been better.

They are introducing new stars to the biggest screen audience of all time.

How many new faces have British producers shown us during the past year or two?

Is all the talent in the film world concentrated in America? No, sir! And if only some of our mutton-munching movie magnates looked further than their local bagshanties for talent, we, too, could enjoy numerous new faces.



PLAYING "Don't Get Around Much Any More" at the Streatham Gaumont is blonde organist Peggy Webber, just back from Cairo and points East.

Peggy played nine hundred and ninety-seven concerts in a dozen countries; she tells the story we've heard before of the girls who left mother to share the strife and glory of the front lines.

She thinks it's good to get the sand out of her shoes and to smell the smoke of the big city again, but now the second-front parties are going out she thinks the gipsy in her might be pulling the skates on again.

Peggy is under the wing of G.B.'s star organist, Harry Fryer. Before going East she was house organist at the Old Kent Road Astoria.

Her first lessons were on a church organ, so she punctuates popular sessions with "Seated one day at the Organ," "Ave Maria," and such.



GRACIE FIELDS is coming back to London via Australia, New Zealand and Italy, and the first show she is doing in this little old town of ours is one for the Variety Artistes' Ladies' Guild and Orphanage, of which she is president. This was the news given recently by Lottie Albert, the hon. organiser of the fund, at the all-star concert at the Palace Theatre in its aid.

Gracie sent a cheque for £100 as her personal donation. Miss Albert also announced that she had received a cheque for the fund from Queen Mary.

They are the DEATH OR GLORY BIRDS



Says John Muller

WE arrived in time to see a spangled gamecock and a black and red fly upwards, their beaks locked together, and then, with wings vibrating like those of a kestrel hawk hovering over mouse-ridden ground, rise to the height of a cottage ceiling.

The combat was over in a few seconds. The birds drooped together on the grassy pit, where they had started. The spangled cock was dead. His rival had plunged his steel spur through his body.

The victor lay helpless, though unharmed, in the pit. His spur had caught the soil. His triumphant owner freed him and put him in a bag.

The first of a "main" of five a side was decided. The cocks were each six-pounders, the maximum weight, but a worn threepenny-bit in the scales would have tipped the beam against the winning bird.

Now came the cocks, the medium and lightweights; the last-named required to scale not less than 4½ lbs.

They were examined critically by a crowd of some 200 people, a mixed lot, a few of them persons of means and leisure, drawn this day from the Yorkshire dales, and the rest, farmers, greyhound fanciers, and iron ore and coal miners and agricultural workers.

They had travelled by devious ways to the meeting place in the heart of the fells, a bowl in the hills, remote from the nearest hamlet, and guarded by scouts stationed on the ridges of the foothills around. Whatever might befall, the police would be unable to approach unobserved, much less apprehend the principals who had promoted the meet and were accountable for the arrangements connected therewith.

The paraphernalia of the cockfighters was insignificant. A pair of scales for weighing, the bags containing the birds, and coconut matting strips on which stood the men setting the birds at each other.

But the preliminaries to the five rounds took time. There was the clipping of the cocks, the removal of the feathers that might interfere with the proper discharge of their task.

Thus, while they were shorn of some of their hackles and of their wing and tail feathers, sufficient were left to ensure that they might, if occasion demanded, act as shield or buffer, or, above all, serve to balance them.

Experts did this job, and experts heeled the birds—that is to say, fastened on the

steel spurs at the right angle, that they might do their deadly work with the utmost precision.

The onlookers watched all the preparations with intense interest. They were men learned in what they are proud to call a sport.

"No cruelty about this," one of them said to me. "It's death or glory for the birds. Those deadly spurs are swift, they don't let a loser have a moment of misery; whereas if they unspurred they would fight until they had no eyes left, and they would linger in agony. That spangled cock, you must have seen, was dead before he hit the ground."

The handlers and owners of the gamecock listened greedily to the words of praise that fell from the lips of the spectators. "Didst thou ever ken a bird so fighting fit? I know of a fact that the black and red six-pounder weighed 7½ lbs. ten days ago. Man, he has been brought into grand condition. Look at the sparkle in his eyes and the grand gloss on his feathers. He's champion."

And so the admiring comments passed among the crowd, and there was a fresh outburst of applause as the next two cocks were brought out of their bags and matched against each other. These were both black and reds, but one was blacker than his fellow.

They engaged instantly, only to be picked up as in a mad flurry they whirred off the pit to the onlookers' feet. Set down again, with fury unabated, they adopted in-fighting, spreading a protecting wing to ward off a blow,

side-stepping to avoid a strike, ducking this way and that, and flying over each other's heads with a spur poised to follow a peck at an unguarded place.

Five rounds the pair fought before the winner, longer winded and fuller of muscle than his antagonist, ran the loser down and plunged his spur into his breast.

The blow was at once mortal. The bird's eyes were glazed when his owner stooped to pick him up.

A spangled cock and a black and red were the actors in the third drama. In this case, as in the first, the combat was over in a few moments. The black and red overwhelmed his rival and struck him in the eye.

Now it appeared that the owner of the black and reds had carried off all three events and that the main was over. The rule forbade the two remaining encounters. The stake of £5 was appropriated and the side-stakes amounting to over £60 were collected for the winner.

I talked to the proud man. "I've been at this all my life, and my father and his fore-fathers before me. I should deserve to be kicked if I didn't know how to breed, feed and train right 'uns. This black and red strain goes back for years and years. We've hardly ever been beaten. There's a lot in breeding—it's no use wasting time on poor stock—but feeding and training are just as important. Feeding especially. I've got a special cock-bread to bring the cocks on with. It's a secret in our family. We've never had a blabber among us. We just know a thing or two more than t'other fellas."



Home Town News

SERGT. MAJOR "WAITED FOR IT!"

Battery Sgt. Major Joe Elliott closed an exemplary Army career in 1907. Retiring from the "Royal" Regiment after 21 years' service, he took a pub in Romsey, Hants.

To-day, at the age of 76, he is still carrying on, having held a licence longer than any other publican in this town of many pubs.

Recently, Joe was summoned to the Town Hall to receive a medal—in recognition of his military service, which ended 37 years ago!

The long lapse of time between the earning and receiving of the medal was not due to forgetfulness by the War Office. Only 24 ex-members of the British Army can hold the Meritorious Service Medal at

one time, so Joe had to wait 37 years for his turn to come.

If ever you call at the Crown Inn, in Winchester-road, Romsey, for a pint, this fine old veteran will be proud to show you the medal that was pinned to his breast by a Brigadier who was a schoolboy when Joe "packed up" soldiering.

JANE'S "SCANTIES" WOULDN'T DO!

Bournemouth War Service Organisation made an appeal some time ago for gifts of great grandma's "undies."

They were wanted for the making of a thousand soft toys for children of Servicemen.

The response was surprising. The offices of the organisation were almost literally enveloped by voluminous

Victorian underwear which poured in from many donors in the district.

Working parties were kept busy for weeks converting petticoats, "unmentionables," and other garments into cuddly dolls and toy animals. And did the kiddies enjoy the parties that followed!

BLOOD DONOR AT 87.

"I want you to be sure to take the limit," said an 87-year-old man to a nurse at the Blood Transfusion Depot at Portland, Dorset, as she was about to take a pint of blood from his arm.

This remarkable old man, Mr. Walter Harden, of King street, Portland, is a regular blood donor.

After each visit to the transfusion centre he is advised not to come again for his health's sake, but he does not heed the warning, for he feels no ill-effects.

"I'll flog man and boy!"

PART 7

FOR several days the captain seemed very much out of humour. He quarrelled with the cook, and threatened to flog him for throwing wood on deck; and had a dispute with the mate about reefing a Spanish burton, the mate saying that he was right, and had been taught how to do it by a man who was a sailor!

This the captain took in dudgeon, and they were at swords' points at once.

But his displeasure was chiefly turned against a large, heavily-moulded fellow, from the Middle States, who was called Sam.

This man hesitated in his speech, and was rather slow in his motions, but was a pretty good sailor, and always seemed to do his best; but the captain took a dislike to him, found fault with everything he did, and hazed him for dropping a marline-spike from the main-yard, where he was at work.

We worked late on Friday night, and were turned-to early on Saturday morning. About ten o'clock the captain ordered our new officer, Russell, to get the gig ready to take him ashore.

John, the Swede, was sitting in the boat alongside, and Russell and myself were standing by the main hatchway, waiting for the captain, who was down in the hold, where the men were at work, when we heard his voice raised in violent dispute with somebody. Then came blows and scuffling.

I ran to the side and beckoned to John, who came up, and we leaned down the hatchway; and though we could see no one, yet we knew that the captain had the advantage, for his voice was loud and clear:

"You see your condition! Will you ever give me any more of your jaw?" No answer; and then came wrestling and heaving, as though the man was trying to turn him. "You may as well keep still, for I have got you," said the captain. Then came the question, "Will you ever give me any more of your jaw?"

"I never gave you any, sir," said Sam; for it was his voice that we heard.

"That's not what I ask you. Will you ever be impudent to me again?"

"I never have been, sir," said Sam.

"Answer my question, or I'll make a spread-eagle of you!"

"I'm no negro slave," said Sam.

"Then I'll make you one," said the captain; and he came to the hatchway and sprang on deck, threw off his coat, and rolling up his sleeves, called out to the mate, "Seize that man up, Mr. A—! seize him up! Make a spread-

eagle of him! I'll teach you all who is master aboard!"

The crew and officers followed the captain up the hatchway, and after repeated orders the mate laid hold of Sam, who made no resistance, and carried him to the gangway.

"What are you going to flog that man for, sir?" said John, the Swede, to the captain.

Upon hearing this the captain turned upon him, but, knowing him to be quick and resolute, he ordered the steward to bring the irons, and calling upon Russell to help him, went up to John.

"Let me alone," said John. "You need not use any force"; and putting out his hands, the captain slipped the irons on, and sent him aft to the quarter-deck.

Sam by this time was seized up—that is, placed against the shrouds, with his wrists made fast to the shrouds, his jacket off, and his back exposed.

The captain stood on the break of the deck, a few feet from him, and a little raised, so as to have a good swing at him, and held in his hand the bight of a thick, strong rope. The officers stood round, and the crew grouped together in the waist.

All these preparations made me feel sick and almost faint, angry and excited as I was. A man—a human being, made in God's likeness—fastened up and flogged like a beast!

The first and almost uncontrollable impulse was resistance. But what was to be done? The time for it had gone by.

The two best men were fast, and there were only two beside myself, and a small boy of ten or twelve years of age.

But beside the numbers, what is there for sailors to do? If they resist, it is mutiny; and if they succeed, and take the vessel, it is piracy. Bad as it was it must be borne. It is what a sailor ships for.

Swinging the rope over his head, and bending his body so as to give it full force, the captain brought it down upon the poor fellow's back. Once, twice—six times. "Will you ever give me any more of your jaw?"

The man writhed with pain, but said not a word.

Three times more. This was too much, and he muttered something which I could not hear. This brought as many more as the man could stand, when the captain ordered the man to be cut down and to go forward.

"Now for you," said the captain, making up to John, and taking his irons off. As soon as he was loose, he ran forward to the forecastle.

"Bring that man aft!" shouted the captain.

The second mate, who had been a shipmate of John's, stood still in the waist, and the mate walked

TWO YEARS BEFORE THE MAST

By R. H. Dana

slowly forward; but our third officer, anxious to show his zeal, sprang over the windlass and laid hold of John; but he soon threw him from him.

At this moment I would have given worlds for the power to help the poor fellow; but it was all in vain.

The captain stood on the quarter-deck, bareheaded, his eyes flashing with rage, and his face as red as blood, swinging the rope, and calling out to his officers, "Drag him aft! lay hold of him! I'll sweeten him!"

The mate now went forward and told John quietly to go aft;

and he, seeing resistance was in vain, threw the blackguard third mate from him, said he would go aft of himself, that they should not drag him, and went up to the gangway and held out his hands.

When he was made fast he turned to the captain, who stood turning up his sleeves and getting ready for the blow, and asked him what he was to be flogged for. "Have I ever refused my duty, sir? Have you ever known me to hang back, or to be insolent, or not to know my work?"

"No," said the captain; "it is not that I flog you for; I flog you for your interference—for asking questions."

"Can't a man ask a question here without being flogged?"

"No," shouted the captain; "nobody shall open his mouth aboard this vessel but myself"; and began laying the blows upon his back, swinging half round between each blow to give it full effect.

As he went on his passion increased, and he danced about the deck, calling out as he swung the rope, "If you want to know



Time and tide may not wait for anyone, but the Wrens who have been on special duty on the tank landing craft between England and France always have a charming escort to carry them ashore. And do those boys mind waiting?

WANGLING WORDS—355

1. Put a meadow in SVE and make part of a garment.
2. In the following first line of a popular song, both the words and the letters in them have been shuffled. What is it? Daly ym vole ness.

3. Mix CLEAR, add E, and get a food.

4. Find the two hidden vegetables in: It was three shillings for the cab, bag extra; but in London I only paid half-a-crown.

Answers to Wangling Words—No. 354

1. PotterIES.
2. She told me her age was five-and-twenty.
3. TRI-C-KS.
4. B-a-con, Cutlet.

JANE



But the sleeping draught which the lodger gave Jane has only thrown her into an uneasy stupor broken by vague dreams...



I MUST TAKE STOCK OF THE LODGER...THE STOCKS! THAT'S IT!— CARELESS TALKERS SHOULD BE PUT IN THE STOCKS....



Answers to Quiz in No. 415

1. Water sprite.
2. (a) Washington Irving, (b) Dickens.
3. Heifer is feminine; others are masculine.
4. Fifth magnitude.
5. Yugoslavia.
6. London and Newcastle.
7. Atter.
8. 1841, between Leicester and Loughborough.
9. At the South Pole.
10. Yes; between Luleu (Sweden) and Narvik (Norway).
11. (a) a million millions, (b) a thousand millions.
12. Brian Aherne, Richard Arlen, George Arliss.

What beautiful fruit! I love fruit when it's expensive.
Sir Arthur Pinero.

CROSSWORD CORNER

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
10					11			
12			13					
14		15		16				
		17	18					
19	20	21		22	23	24		
			25	26				
27	28		29	30	31			
32				33				
34			35					
36					37			

CLUES ACROSS.
1. Jot.
5. Beetle gem.
10. Comment.
11. Went by car.
12. High ground.
13. Revenue.
14. Railway carriage.
16. Related.
17. Clothed.
18. Penetrate.
22. Cause.
25. Convinced.
27. Damage.
29. Canadian town.
32. Tree lizard.
33. Girl's name.
34. Sailor.
35. Scanty.
36. Hardens.
37. Malign look.

SHABBY CODA
IOWA AMUSED
FURROW RIND
TRY PEAL EYE
L MEDLAR R
BYRON LISTS
E OBEYED O
APT RAG COB
GOAT REFUTE
LOTIONABLE
EPEE STREET

CLUES DOWN.
1. Fish. 2. Tiller. 3. Meaning. 4. Job. 5. Sound of bagpipes. 6. Covered walk. 7. Bird. 8. Think fine. 9. Remained. 10. Cream-colour. 11.8. Countenance. 12. Sweetmeat. 13. Cream-colour. 14. Landed property. 23. Country house. 24. Business man. 26. Wanders. 27. Sign of disapproval. 28. Law. 30. Duck. 31. Metal thread.

what I flog you for, I'll tell you. It's because I like to do it!—because I like to do it!—It suits me! That's what I do it for!"

The man writhed under the pain.

My blood ran cold. I could look on no longer. Disgusted, sick, and horror-struck, I turned away and leaned over the rail and looked down into the water.

A few rapid thoughts of my own situation, and of the prospect of future revenge crossed my mind; but the falling of the blows and the cries of the man called me back at once.

At length they ceased, and, turning round, I found that the mate, at a signal from the captain, had cut him down.

Almost doubled with pain the man walked slowly forward, and went down into the forecastle.

Everyone else stood still at his post, while the captain, swelling with rage, and with the importance of his achievement, walked the quarter-deck, and at each turn, as he came forward, calling out to us,

"You see your condition! You see where I've got you all, and you know what to expect! You've been mistaken in me—you didn't know what I was! Now you know what I am!—I'll make you toe the mark, every soul of you, or I'll flog you all, fore and aft, from the boy up!—You've got a driver over you! Yes, slave-driver—a negro-driver!"

With this and the like matter, equally calculated to quiet us, and to allay any apprehensions of future trouble, he entertained us for about ten minutes, when he went below.

Soon after John came aft, with his back covered with stripes and weals in every direction, and dreadfully swollen, and asked the steward to ask the captain to let him have some salve or balsam to put upon it.

"No," said the captain, who

heard him from below; "tell him to put his shirt on; that's the best thing for him; and pull me ashore in the boat. Nobody is going to lay-up on board this vessel."

After the day's work was done we went down into the forecastle and ate our supper, but not a word was spoken.

It was Saturday night, but there was no song—no "sweethearts and wives." A gloom was over everything.

(To be continued)

QUIZ for today



1. An obol is a doctor's measuring glass, snake, native dance, Greek coin, part of a church?
2. Who wrote (a) The Plumed Serpent, (b) The Trail of the Serpent?
3. Which of the following is an intruder, and why? Brazil, Chile, Egypt, Mexico, Turkey, Switzerland, Portugal.
4. How many rings has Saturn?
5. How long has the Flying Scotsman been running?
6. For what do the letters B.D.V. stand?
7. All the following are real words except one; which is it? Oxen, Oxer, Oxeye, Oxten, Oxlip.
8. What country uses a coin called a Lat?
9. What is the name of the instrument used to measure the speed of wind?
10. What is a muley cow?
11. A dachshund is trained for hunting otters, stoats, badgers, hares, leverets?
12. Name three film stars beginning with B.

Answers to Quiz

in No. 415

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3. Heifer is feminine; others are masculine.
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BEELZEBUB JONES



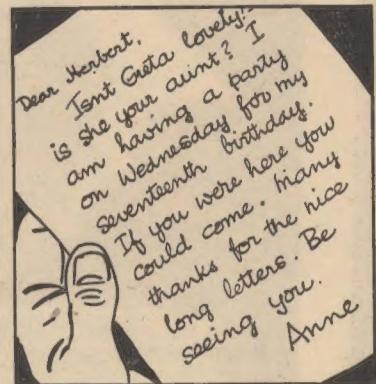
BELINDA



POPEYE



RUGGLES



GARTH



JUST JAKE



SAW on an L.C.C. housing estate the other day a house that Jill can build.

Men were bolting strips of steel together to form the lattice-like frame of a new kind of house.

It might have been a big-scale game with constructional toys of the Meccano type, and, in fact, the principle is the same.

Sections can be bolted together to make houses of any length or width in multiples of 3ft. 2in., and variety in design is effected by stepping the sections backwards or forwards to break the straight line.

The outside of each house can be in different materials, result of a new invention. This is a cladding clip, by which sheets of asbestos cement or vitreous enamel steel, or brick and stone, can be attached rapidly and in weather-proof fashion to the frame.

I have never seen such a tidy building site.

Women factory workers made the units. Women, I was told, as well as turning out all the parts for houses of this type, can also bolt the parts together and erect the entire house if necessary.

It is emphasised that the house now being built as an experiment would be permanent. It illustrates not a stop-gap method, but the technique of the future, with precision-built prefabrication in units, enabling architects to use their imagination.

An L.C.C. official said: "We have studied the plans, and think it looks like being a very good show."



SCORES of leading British firms, mostly engaged in light and heavy engineering production, have responded swiftly and eagerly to the invitation to advertise in the leading technical journals of the Soviet Union.

Soviet technical and trade journals, closed to advertisers since the outbreak of war, have first invited British manufacturers to utilise advertising space now available.

During the past month, Mr. Francis C. Millington, acting as British agent for the Soviet organisation responsible for this type of advertising in Russia, reports that a large number of advertising accounts with the Russian trade and technical journals have already been opened by British concerns.

Government departments are being helpful. A Board of Trade official said: "The Board warmly welcomes these or any developments to encourage ever-growing trade relationships between the Soviet Union and Britain."



I DON'T usually attend promenade concerts because I don't enjoy them, but when Sir Henry Wood came on to open his fiftieth season of promenade concerts a vast audience rose to greet him; the Albert Hall was packed from floor to the ambulatory just under the roof, and something, I don't know quite what, thrilled me.

Sir Henry conducted the whole of the first part of the concert, and handed over to his associate conductor.

Of the actual programme I cannot say much. International, eclectic, and representative of the vast field of orchestral music which the Proms alone bring under one comprehensive view, it was a typical Saturday night's choice. All the first part was romantic — Berlioz, Wagner, Delius, Tchaikovsky, with Grieg's Piano Concerto for centre-piece.

The antiphony of the Albert Hall full organ and the full orchestral brass constituted a case of assault and battery upon the ear. Dr. G. Thalben-Ball's playing is equally precise, rhythmic, and clean in phrasing, whether he roars on the Great or coos on the Choir, but he was less persuasive than usual that the organ is a really musical instrument.



EXPERT aircraft recognition men have found a stumbling block in four-year-old Derek Locke, of Swindon.

In peace-time, Derek would have been one of those child mathematical geniuses one reads about with jealous mistrust. But war has given a twist to his feats of memory. He can identify close on 400 types of aircraft, gliders, etc.

At two years old, before he could talk, he could identify machines by picking them out of a pack of aircraft cards. The family doctor called him a genius.

Ron Richards

Good Morning

Even an Alsatian apparently needs a spot of coaxing.



Who wouldn't like a "life on the ocean wave" when the ocean isn't so far from shore, and the crew consists of such charming sailors?



OUR CAT SIGNS OFF

"Tip it up,
baby, tip
it up."



"You are a very tempting morsel, but even I couldn't drink all that water to get at you!"